

AMAZING ADVENTURES

THRILLING SCIENCE-FICTION COMICS!

AMAZING

ADVENTURES



EARTH FEMALE

NO. 2 10c

EARTH MALE



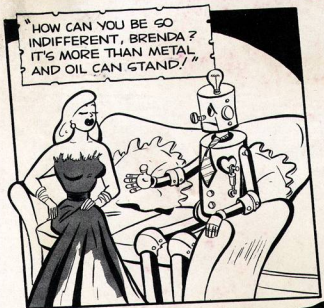
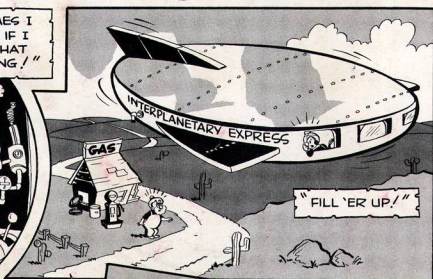
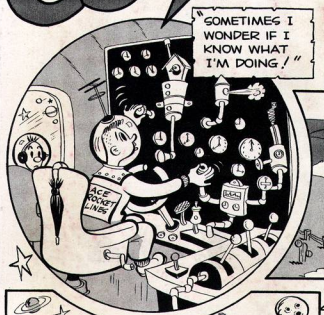
EXHIBIT ONE
★
WEDDING GIFT

*Monsters of
LIVING FLAME*



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

COSMIC COMICS



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MONSTERS OF LIVING FLAME!



FAR IN THE DEPTHS OF INTERPLANETARY SPACE, JON HALJAN AND HIS COMPANIONS SEARCH THE MYSTERIOUS LITTLE FIRE PLANET FOR PRECIOUS URANIUM-X WHICH THE UNITED STATES SO DESPERATELY NEEDS FOR ITS ATOMIC BOMBS! BUT THOUGH THEY DO NOT KNOW IT, TREACHEROUS MURDERERS STALK AT THAT SITE, AND THE FATE OF AMERICA IS AT STAKE AS THEY BATTLE THE GRISLY...

MONSTERS OF LIVING FLAME!

JON HALJAN, PILOT OF AN EARTH-MOON MAILSHIP, IS ON VACATION IN GREAT-NEW YORK WHEN HE RECEIVES A STARTLING MESSAGE!...

THIS IS PROFESSOR GRANT OF THE MT. WHITNEY ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY! FLY HERE AT ONCE, HALJAN! IT'S A MATTER OF GREAT IMPORTANCE!



I CANNOT EXPLAIN ON THIS PUBLIC WAVE! USE EVERY PRECAUTION FOR SECRECY!

I'LL COME AT ONCE, PROFESSOR!



AT THE OBSERVATORY, HAL JAN MEETS TWO OLD FRIENDS, FREDDIE BLAKE AND HIS SISTER LINDA, BOTH GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS!

FREDDIE, LINDA--?!
WHAT ARE YOU TWO
DOING HERE?

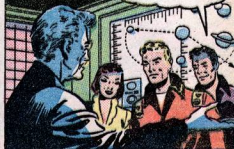
WE'RE AS SURPRISED
AS YOU ARE, JON!

EVIDENTLY THE PROFESSOR
WANTS TO SEE ALL
THREE OF US!



AS YOU KNOW, THE NEWLY DISCOVERED ELEMENT, URANIUM-X, IS EXTREMELY FISSIONABLE-- IDEAL FOR ATOMIC BOMBS! ENEMY GOVERNMENTS KNOW IT, TOO! THEY HAVE A LITTLE OF IT, AND SO HAVE WE!

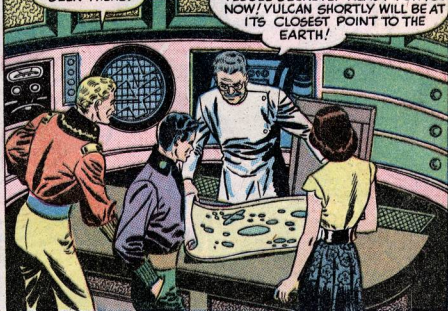
WONDER HOW THIS
CONCERNS US!



URANIUM-X EXISTS IN ALMOST PURE STATE ON THE PLANET VULCAN! THE SPECTROGRAPHS SHOW IT! WE ARE SURE OF IT NOW! I'VE SENT FOR YOU THREE-- WELL, BECAUSE AMERICA DESPERATELY NEEDS THAT URANIUM-X!

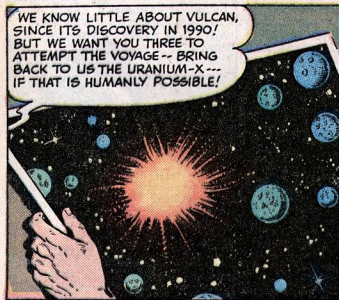


VULCAN, THE FIRE PLANET! NO SPACE-SHIP HAS EVER BEEN THERE!



NO! BUT YOU CAN PILOT ONE THERE, HAL JAN! WE HAVE SUCH A VESSEL SECRETLY READY FOR YOU NOW! VULCAN SHORTLY WILL BE AT ITS CLOSEST POINT TO THE EARTH!

WE KNOW LITTLE ABOUT VULCAN, SINCE ITS DISCOVERY IN 1990! BUT WE WANT YOU THREE TO ATTEMPT THE VOYAGE-- BRING BACK TO US THE URANIUM-X--- IF THAT IS HUMANLY POSSIBLE!



WITHIN A WEEK THE LITTLE GOVERNMENT FLYER WAS READY TO START ON ITS SECRET MOMENTOUS VOYAGE!

CAREFUL OF THAT
LEAD CYLINDER, DUGAN!
YOU TOO, FALK! STOW IT
IN THE LOWER HOLD!

YES, SIR, WE'LL
BE CAREFUL!





AND PRESENTLY...

GOODBYE! GOOD LUCK!



DELVING FAR INTO UNEXPLORED INTER-PLANETARY SPACE, THE LITTLE FLYER HURTLES ONWARD TOWARD THE FIERY SUN!

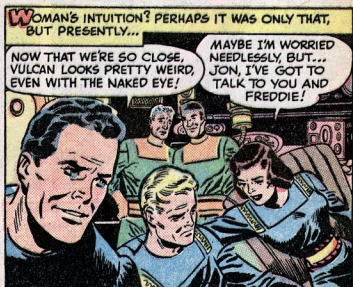
YOU'RE AN APT PUPIL, LINDA!

IT'S THRILLING!



I'VE GOT AN IDEA, FALK!

I GET YOU! BUT KEEP IT TO YOURSELF--FOR THE PRESENT.



WOMAN'S INTUITION? PERHAPS IT WAS ONLY THAT, BUT PRESENTLY...

NOW THAT WE'RE SO CLOSE, VULCAN LOOKS PRETTY WEIRD, EVEN WITH THE NAKED EYE!

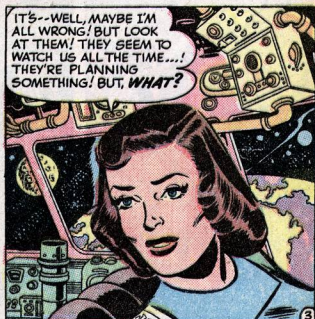
MAYBE I'M WORRIED NEEDLESSLY, BUT... JON, I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU AND FREDDIE!



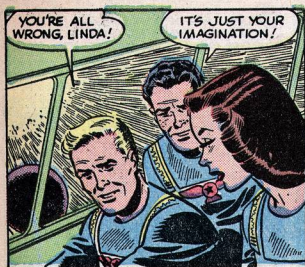
IT'S ABOUT DUGAN AND FALK! I...I DON'T KNOW ...I JUST FEEL WE CAN'T TRUST THEM!

BUT PROFESSOR GRANT PICKED THEM! HE SAID THEY WERE ALL RIGHT!

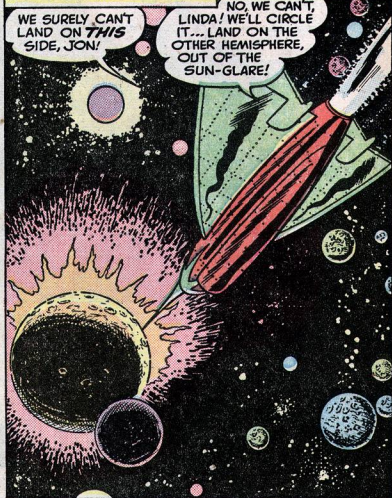
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THEY'RE NOT, LINDA?



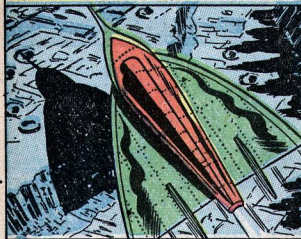
IT'S--WELL, MAYBE I'M ALL WRONG! BUT LOOK AT THEM! THEY SEEM TO WATCH US ALL THE TIME...! THEY'RE PLANNING SOMETHING! BUT, WHAT?



VULCAN! THE FIRE PLANET! ONLY 23 MILLION MILES FROM THE FIERY SURFACE OF THE SUN, IT LIES SMOULDERING, DESOLATE WITH SEERING HEAT!



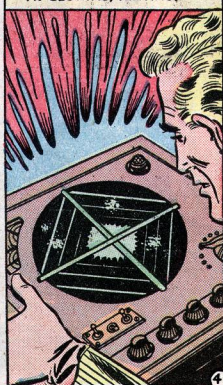
SILENTLY, SWIFTLY, THE LITTLE SHIP DROPS DOWN ON ITS WEIRD DESTINATION!

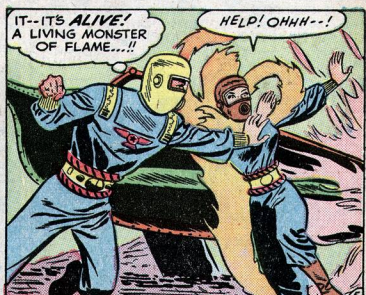


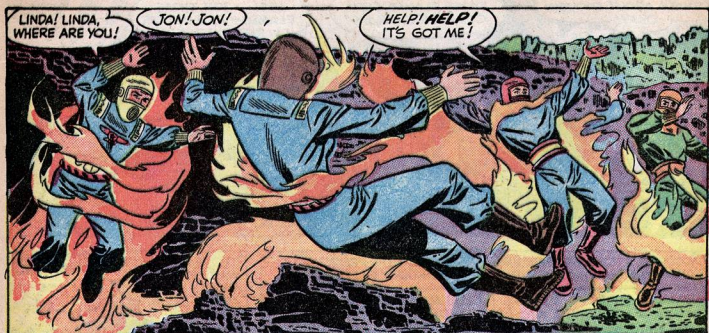
EXPLORERS INTO THE UNKNOWN!



URANIUM-X! RICH DEPOSITS OF IT! GLOWING, WAITING!







LINDA! LINDA,
WHERE ARE YOU!

JON! JON!

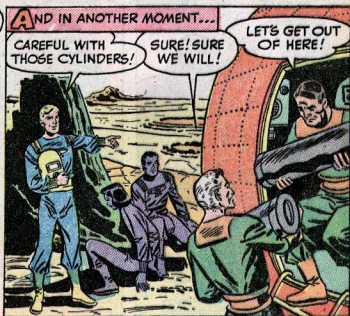
HELP! HELP!
IT'S GOT ME!



ALL RIGHT
NOW, LINDA?

YES! OH, JON,
THAT GRUESOME
THING--!

THEY'RE BURNING
OUT-- DYING--!



AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT...
CAREFUL WITH
THOSE CYLINDERS!

SURE! SURE
WE WILL!

LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE!



THOSE MONSTERS
MUST BE BORN OF
THE SUPER-HEATED
VAPOURS OF
THE AIR!

LIKE SPONTANEOUS
COMBUSTION! AND
THEN THEY
DIE-- BURN
OUT!

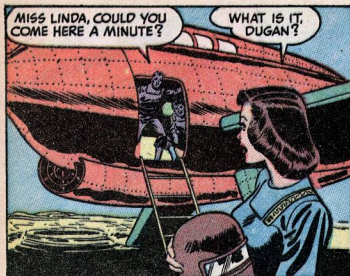
LET'S--
LET'S
GET
ON BOARD
THE SHIP!



MEANWHILE...

WE COULD BEAT IT
NOW, BUT WE CAN'T
NAVIGATE!

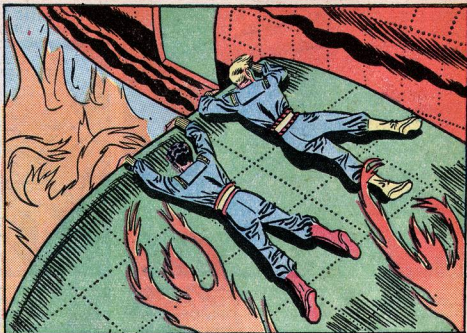
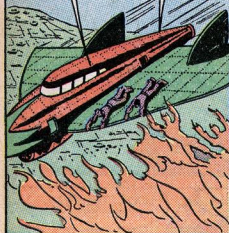
NO, BUT THE
GIRL CAN!
GET IT?



AS THE SHIP LURCHES SUDDENLY
UPWARD...

HANG ON,
FREDDIE!

I'M--TRYING--
TO!



THEY HAVEN'T CLOSED
THAT PORT YET!

IF WE CAN GET
IN THERE--!

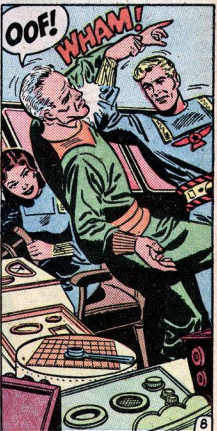


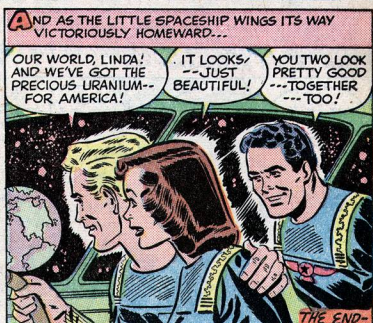
THEN--
THEY'RE
IN THE
CONTROL ROOM!



THE GOVERNMENT
WE WORK FOR
AIN'T TOO FRIENDLY
WITH AMERICA!
IT'LL PAY
BIG FOR
THIS
URANIUM-X!
WE'LL BE
RICH!
YIPE!!
IT'S
TH-TH-TH!!!

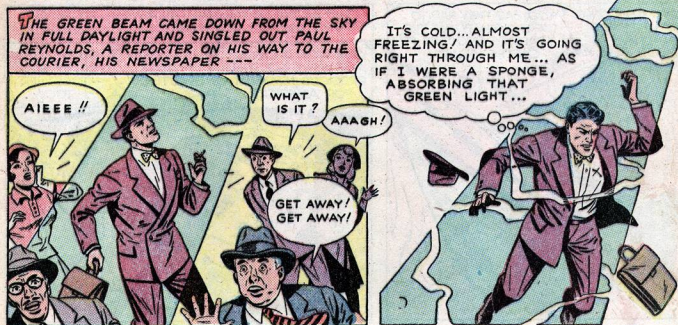
YOU'D BETTER
MAKE OTHER
PLANS,
PALS!

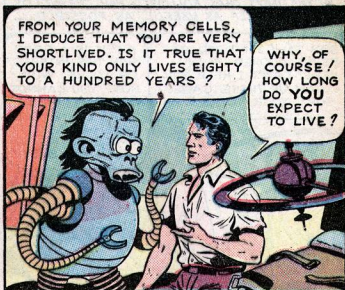
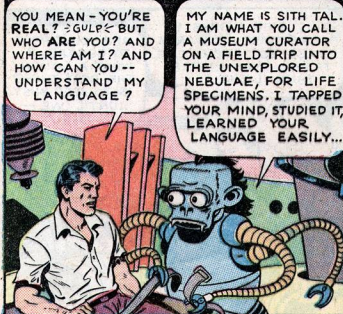


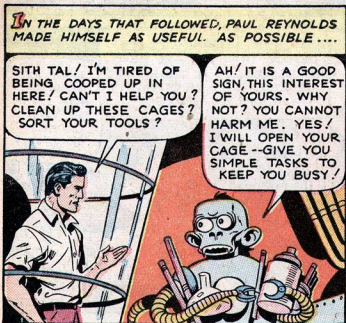
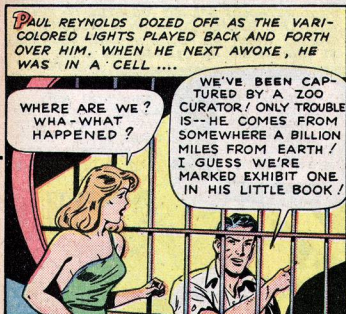
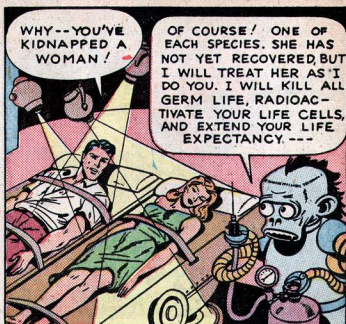
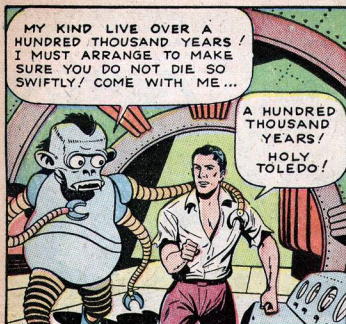




THE GREEN BEAM CAME DOWN FROM THE SKY IN FULL DAYLIGHT AND SINGLED OUT PAUL REYNOLDS, A REPORTER ON HIS WAY TO THE COURIER, HIS NEWSPAPER ---







IN THE MONTHS AND THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, PAUL AND LOLA LEARNED TO ACCEPT THEIR FATE WITH RESIGNATION. IN A WAY, THEY WERE STRANGELY FORTUNATE, FOR THEY WERE THE FIRST MAN AND WOMAN EVER TO SET FOOT ON ANOTHER PLANET

THROW THE NET!
THE JALAFUR IS
STARTING TO FLY!

WE'LL GET HIM,
PAUL! LOOK - HE'S
HITTING THE NET!



PAUL, THIS LIFE ISN'T
SO BAD--BUT I'M
HOMESICK! IS THERE
ANY CHANCE AT ALL--
OF ESCAPING?

SITH TAL DOES NOT
SUSPECT US OF EVEN
THINKING OF ESCAPE.
THAT'S THE FIRST THING
WE HAD TO DO. LULL HIS
SUSPICIONS! NOW WE
CAN ACTIVELY START
PLANNING

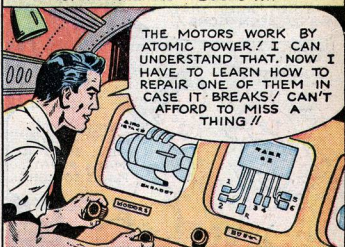


I'LL TAKE CANNED
FOOD FROM THE
STORAGE BINS. I'LL
HIDE THEM IN THE
HAYSTACKS THAT
FEED THE HERBIVOROUS
ANIMALS!

I'M DOING ALL I CAN,
STUDYING THE CHARTS
AND FILM-BOOKS THAT
EXPLAIN THE WORKINGS
OF THE SPACE LIFE-
BOATS! IF WE CAN
STEAL ONE OF THOSE,
WE HAVE A CHANCE!



BUT IT WAS SLOW WORK. LOLA COULD NOT
TAKE MANY FOOD TINS AT ONCE, AND PAUL
HAD TO LEARN SITH TAL'S LANGUAGE TO
UNDERSTAND THE FILM-BOOKS



THE MOTORS WORK BY
ATOMIC POWER! I CAN
UNDERSTAND THAT. NOW I
HAVE TO LEARN HOW TO
REPAIR ONE OF THEM IN
CASE IT BREAKS! CAN'T
AFFORD TO MISS A
THING!!

IF THERE IS ANY LIFE
ON THIS PLANET, IT
MUST BE MIGHTY LOW
IN THE EVOLUTIONARY
SCALE!

WELL, WE
HAVE TO
EXPLORE IT.
THAT'S OUR
JOB!

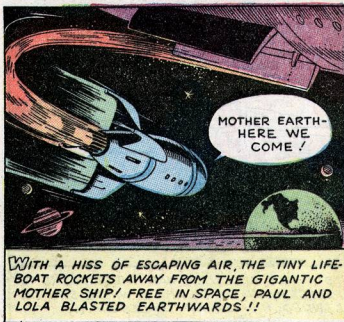
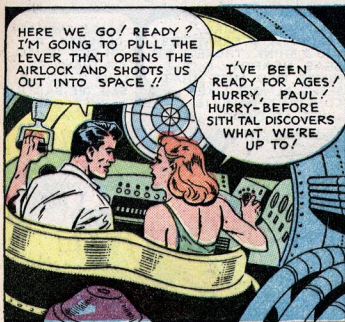
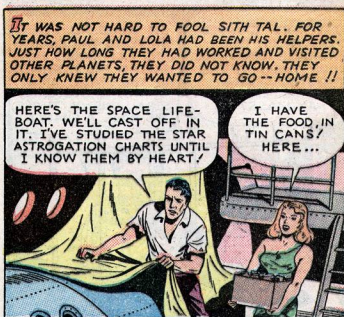
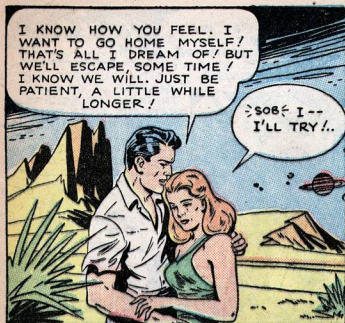


BOTH PAUL AND LOLA HAD THEIR TASKS TO
PERFORM, ON THE PLANETS WHERE SITH TAL
LANDED HIS GREAT SPACESHIP

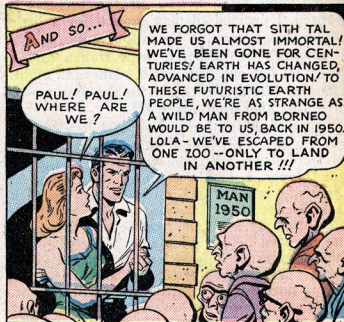
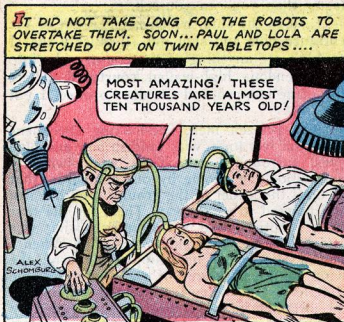
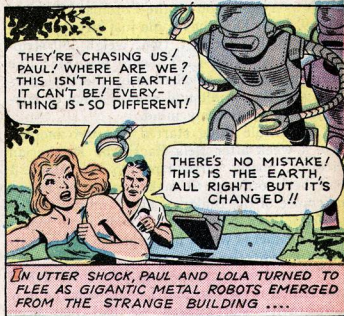
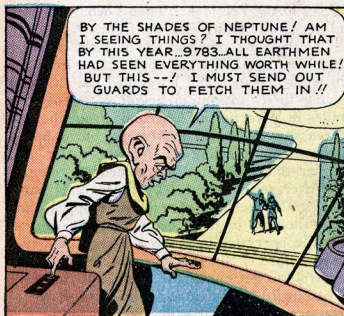
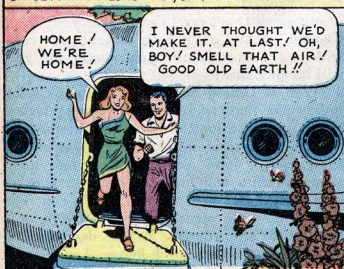
CRUSTACEAN LIFE!
HARDSHELLED CREATURES!
YOU'D THINK THERE'D BE
SEAS NEARBY. BUT I
GUESS THIS MIST, THAT
SEEMS ALMOST LIKE
CONSTANT RAIN, IS
JUST AS GOOD.

SEAS! JUNGLES!
DESERTS! I--
I'M SICK OF ALL
OF THEM. IF
ONLY I COULD
SEE THE EARTH..
...JUST ONCE
MORE!





SWIFTLY THE LITTLE ROCKETSHIP BLASTED A PATH ACROSS THE STAR-LADEN LANES OF SPACE. AND AT LONG LAST, ON A WARM SPRING DAY...



THE WARNING!

"No, I'm not crazy. I tell you, I've been flying like a bird for the past two months, complete with wings and feathers. I've got to see the President. Why? You should know. You're the secretary to the President of the United States, and certainly if I can prove to him that the Martians are not only planning to attack Earth, but that they have the power and ability to do it successfully, it's your job to get me in to see him. I don't care to whom he's talking, Mr. Secretary. This is more important.

"All right, I'll try to be calm. But I can't guarantee it. Every second counts. Look, here's my identification. Peter Farr, Lieutenant-Colonel, United States Jet Fighter Forces, born in New-Washington-on-the-Potomac, September 19, 2023. That makes me just twenty-seven years old. I'm six feet, two; weigh 190 stripped; my latest G. C. T. score was 145; I've been checked and re-checked by the Base doctors, and they can't find even a trace of anything wrong with my mind.

"The whole thing started just two months ago, a week after Bela Bacsi, the Hungarian dictator, finally surrendered to the Allies. I had been ordered to make an aerial reconnaissance of the Budapest area, and my single-seater jet was fixed up with wide-angle lenses on the cameras which had replaced the rocket-gun turrets.

"I was flying a souped-up job which I had worked on myself so that I could test the new anti-gravity suits which we had just been issued, and after I had all the pictures I wanted, I decided to play around for a little while. I took my ship up to four miles, where I wouldn't be bothered with traffic, and I really let her out. She was a beauty, all right. Handled like a sweetheart. In the first power dive, I had her up to Mach 1.8.

"I pulled out of my dive and headed upstairs again. This time I wanted to get higher, so I could see what she would do as the air got thinner. I was way above the clouds, so there was nothing to see but space. And then it happened. One second the sky was completely empty. And the next second there had materialized before me a huge sphere with a gaping entrance hole at least a hundred yards across! Naturally, I tried to brake, or to pull to one side. But my controls were frozen tight. Don't ask me why or how. All I know is that I couldn't move them, with all my strength. And as I yanked helplessly on every lever on

the control board, a calm, detached voice rang in my ears. 'Don't try to maneuver your ship, Colonel,' it said. 'We have frozen your controls and your radio. Just sit quietly and you will be all right.'

"Well, a United States officer doesn't take orders like that, so I kept on yanking levers and pushing buttons. But nothing seemed to work. I shot right into the gaping entrance, there was a loud clang as the huge door slammed shut, and my ship came to a dead stop just as if I had rammed into a concrete wall. I have no idea why I didn't wind up smashed to atoms by the sudden deceleration, but I didn't. That's all I know. And please, wouldn't we save time if I could tell this story direct to the President? Then I wouldn't have to repeat it. Huh? Oh, all right.

"Outside my ship was the blackest darkness I've ever seen. The only light came from my instrument panel, and I watched the altimeter swing to its maximum height of twenty-five miles in a fraction of a second. From then on there was no actual movement, but I had a subconscious feeling of moving faster and higher than I had ever dreamed of going.

"After seven minutes by the control panel clock, this feeling of motion stopped, and light flooded in from behind me. It was an eerie, coppery-red light like nothing I had ever seen before. I started to reach for the door controls to get out of the plane, but the voice I had heard before came again. 'Just sit where you are, Colonel,' it said. 'We can move you faster than you can yourself.'

"I sat in the ship, which zoomed out of the entrance hole and shot me, so quickly that I couldn't see anything of the countryside, into a tremendous high-walled courtyard. There the plane stopped and the door opened. I got out.

"Half-a-dozen men, fine-looking specimens about six feet high, with reddish hair and blue eyes, surrounded me. They were perfectly normal-looking people by our standards, that is, until the leader of the group raised his arm and pointed to a doorway. Then, for the first time, I noticed that a tremendous wing was attached to the underside of his arm! When I moved ahead and he dropped his arm, the wing folded back out of sight, and became completely invisible. I continued walking in the direction he had indicated, surrounded by all six men, who were dressed in what looked like the old Marine Corps blue dress uniforms

of a century ago, except that the blouses were sleeveless.

"When I entered the building, the leader sat at a table and motioned me to sit opposite. He slipped a pair of earphones on his head and spoke into a cube-like microphone. I recognized the voice I had heard in the plane.

"Welcome to Mars, Colonel," he said. "Forgive us for any inconvenience you may have suffered, but we must be careful to select our visitors when they are alone, so that no word of our presence reaches Earth. We hope you will be comfortable here. And please forgive this clumsy apparatus. It is the only way I can speak in Martian and you in English, and we can have our words automatically translated."

"It took me a couple of seconds to digest this. Then I jumped to my feet, rushed out and looked around. I still couldn't be sure I was on Mars, but I knew for a dead certainty that I was no place on Earth!

"The Martian came to the door, still holding his mike. He handed me what looked like binoculars. 'Here,' he said. 'Try these. Earth is there,' he added, pointing to the sky. 'You will be able to see it clearly with these glasses.'

"I put the binoculars to my eyes and looked where he pointed. There, Earth was in sharp focus, and I could clearly make out the familiar outlines of North and South America! I was on Mars!

"The five other soldiers, who had surrounded me, gently herded me back into the room. There the Martian leader started talking again.

"Our plans are complete," he said. "We are set to move in on Earth and take over the planet. We have to do this in self-defense. We have no water, and Earth has plenty. We cannot grow plants in our sandy soil, and are slowly dying out because of synthetic foods. But this will not matter to you Earth people, for if you cooperate well, we shall set aside certain areas where you may continue to live."

"I blew higher than a kite. What this bird-like creature was proposing was that the Martians would take over Earth and permit us to live in reservations! He let me rave. It didn't upset him in the least. When I was finished, he merely said: 'You will cooperate, Colonel. You see, we have tortures far more refined and terrible than any you have ever heard of. We need Earth people to work with us. True, we have many Martians already on Earth, many in very high positions. But for psychological reasons, we want Earthmen to work with us as well.'

"The Martian turned away from the microphone and said something in a queer, bird-like trill. Instantly, the five soldiers grabbed me and carried me to a table in the rear of the room, where they strapped me down firmly. One of the soldiers pulled out of his pocket

a kind of measuring tape, laid it on the underside of my arm and trilled out some words. Another soldier walked to a closet and came back carrying a large pair of wings!

"I guess I must have screamed, because the leader, who was still sitting at the table, looked up at me. He picked up the microphone and spoke again. 'This won't hurt you, Colonel,' he said. 'Our surgery is far superior to anything on Earth. All we do is just pass a vibro-knife over your arm. This provides a slit in which wings are placed, so that you can fly the same as we. When you return to Earth, the wings will be removed. All that will remain is a thin scar which will be no more visible than a scratch. But when you come back to Mars, and your wings are again put against the scars, they will open and your wings will stay firmly fixed to your arms.'

"I don't know whether it was my rage or the fact that the Martians *are* skillful surgeons, but I didn't even feel the vibro-knife. All I know is that when I got up about five minutes later, each arm carried a full-sized wing!

"For the next two months I spent practically the whole day being taught to fly, solo and in formation. It was easy for me, a professional flyer. But I must admit that some of their attack formations are as far ahead of ours as our jet planes are ahead of the 20th century version!

"When the Martian leader called me in for a talk, I had my plans all ready. I pretended to be sold on the idea of cooperating, and agreed to come back to Earth so that I could lead advance landing forces to their bases. They have a completely different time system on Mars, so I don't know exactly when they'll be coming. But I do know it'll be soon.

"The important thing is that I'm the only man on Earth who knows that they're planning to attack us, and the only man who knows how to stop the devices they have, which can paralyze all our motors just the way they stopped my engine dead. They think I'm here to help them. Evidently I did a good job, or they would never have let me come back to Earth. All the time I knew that if I ever did get back, I'd make a bee-line for the President of the United States, to let him know what's cooking. Can I get in to him now, please, Mr. Secretary?

"What's that? Identification marks on my arms, tattooed alongside the wing scars? No, they didn't do that to me. The only ones who have them are the leaders, and they carry them on their wrists. It's hard for me to describe the marks . . . but they look just . . . like . . . *that!* Just like the marks *you* have on *your* wrists!

"Good Lord! You're *one of them!* You're a Martian!"

THE END

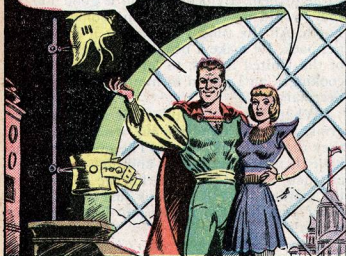
WEDDING GIFT



ON JANUARY 1, 1909—JUST FOUR DAYS BEFORE HIS MARRIAGE—KEVITT STANDISH MADE THE FIRST JOURNEY INTO THE 6th DIMENSION! THIS IS THE STORY OF THAT AMAZING JOURNEY, AND OF THE GIFT HE BROUGHT BACK TO HIS BRIDE... A GIFT SO STRANGE AND OF SUCH MAGNITUDE AS TO MAKE IT THE MOST UNUSUAL WEDDING GIFT OF ALL TIME!

THERE IT IS, MARCIA!... SIMPLE LOOKING, ISN'T IT? JUST A BELT AND A HELMET... BUT THE CONTROLS ON THAT BELT CAN WHISK ME AWAY INTO THE 6th DIMENSION OF TIME!

NOT YOU, DARLING! SOMEONE ELSE! YOU'VE ALREADY MADE A GREAT CONTRIBUTION AS ITS INVENTOR. LET SOMEONE ELSE RISK HIS LIFE, IN A TEST!



BUT THINK OF THE MARVEL OF THAT FIRST TRIP INTO THE 6th DIMENSION... HURLING INTO THE TIME CURRENT... TO ANY PAST OR FUTURE ERA! YOU CAN'T ASK ME TO PASS UP THAT GREAT ADVENTURE!

I'VE GOT THE RIGHT, DEAR. REMEMBER, WE ARE TO BE MARRIED IN FIVE DAYS!



I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN, DEAR. AND IT'S FOUR DAYS, NOT FIVE, BEFORE OUR MARRIAGE. TODAY IS THE FIRST OF JANUARY... ON THE FIFTH OF JANUARY, WE BECOME MAN AND WIFE!

SOMETIMES I THINK YOU FIND THIS TIME GADGET OF YOURS MORE EXCITING THAN OUR COMING MARRIAGE!



BOTH ARE EQUALLY EXCITING TO ME, MY DEAR! BUT YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT I'M A SCIENTIST, AS WELL AS YOUR FUTURE HUSBAND!

KEVITT, I'LL BE AWAY GETTING THE COUNTRY HOUSE IN ORDER FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, AND I WANT YOU TO SOLEMNLY PROMISE ME....



...THAT YOU WON'T ATTEMPT TO TRY THE TIME-BELT YOURSELF!! PLEASE, DARLING, PROMISE ME!

I'LL PROMISE YOU THAT **NOTHING** WILL KEEP ME FROM ATTENDING OUR WEDDING, FOUR DAYS FROM NOW!



I'LL BE BACK ON THE FIFTH, DARLING. I'LL MEET YOU HERE AT TEN O'CLOCK, AND WE'LL BOTH GO TO THE MARRIAGE MAGISTRATE TOGETHER. I'M TAKING NO CHANCES THAT YOU'LL FORGET TO BE THERE!

UNTIL THE FIFTH, DARLING! GOODBYE!

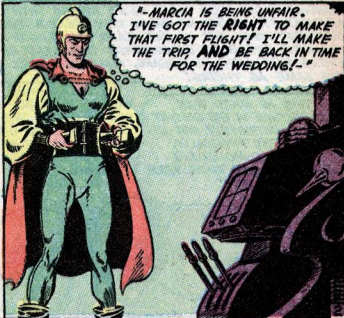


AFTER MARCIA LEAVES, THE YOUNG SCIENTIST REGARDS HIS CREATION WITH CONFLICTING EMOTIONS.

"--MY CREATION... **MINE!** WHOEVER MAKES THE FIRST JOURNEY INTO TIME WILL BE THE GREATEST OF ALL ADVENTURERS! I WANT THAT THRILL FOR MYSELF... BUT MARCIA IS DEAD-SET AGAINST IT...!--"



"--MARCIA IS BEING UNFAIR. I'VE GOT THE **RIGHT** TO MAKE THAT FIRST FLIGHT! I'LL MAKE THE TRIP, **AND** BE BACK IN TIME FOR THE WEDDING!--"



HIS EYES SHINING WITH THE INWARD GLOW OF THE PIONEER, STANDING ON THE THRESHOLD OF A NEW ERA FOR MANKIND, KEVITT STANDISH ADJUSTS THE INTRICATE BELT AND HELMET! THEN, WITH TREMBLING FINGERS, HE PRESSES THE BUTTON THAT WILL PROJECT HIM INTO THE UNKNOWN 6th DIMENSION OF TIME!

MY LIFE'S WORK! AND NOW... I PRESS THE BUTTON... SO...



FLASHING COLOR AND MOVEMENT... A KALEIDOSCOPE OF PICTURES AND SOUND... AN ALMOST UNBEARABLE WRENCHING OF SOUL AND BODY... AND KEVITT STANDISH IS WHIRLED AWAY INTO THE ETERNAL COSMOS!

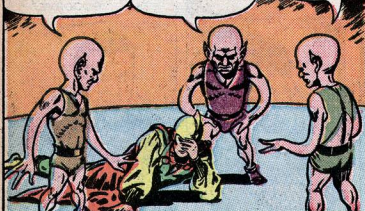


AFTER AN ENDLESS TIME, KEVITT STANDISH RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS...

A MOMENT AGO THIS CREATURE WAS NOT HERE!

SUDDENLY, HE APPEARS OUT OF NOTHINGNESS!

WHAT MANNER OF AMAZING BEING CAN HE BE?



THE OLD WRITINGS TELL OF "MIGHTY ONES"! HE MUST BE SUCH A ONE, COME TO OUR PLANET IN ITS GREATEST HOUR!!

LUP, YOU SPEAK WITH GREAT WISDOM-- THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY A "MIGHTY ONE"! I WILL SUMMON TANU, THE GREAT DARR!



STANDISH LOOKS UPON THESE WEIRD BEINGS WITH AMAZEMENT! THOUGH HE KNOWS THEY SPEAK A TONGUE DIFFERENT FROM ANY HE HAS HEARD, STILL, AS IN A FANTASTIC DREAM, HE UNDERSTANDS THEM, AND HE KNOWS THAT WHEN HE SPEAKS, HIS SPEECH WILL BE THE SAME AS THEIRS!

"SO THIS IS WHAT MAN WILL BECOME IN THE DISTANT FUTURE! DEFINITELY NOT AN IMPROVEMENT, PHYSICALLY, OVER THE OLD MODEL! I MUST FIND OUT WHAT YEAR THIS IS!-

THE GREAT DARR WILL BE PLEASED! THE COMING OF THE "MIGHTY ONE" IS A GOOD OMEN-- PROOF THAT OUR INTERPLANETARY MISSILE OF DEATH WILL BE SUCCESSFUL!

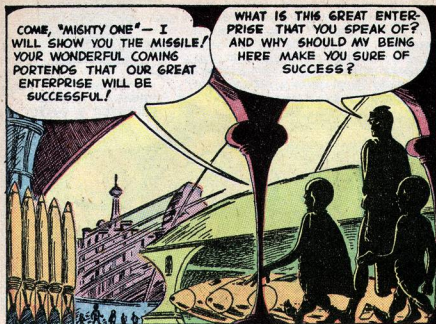


WHAT YEAR IS THIS, FRIEND... AND WHAT IS THIS MISSILE OF INTERPLANETARY DEATH YOU SPEAK OF?

THIS IS THE YEAR 5300 OF THE 3rd CYCLE! AS TO OUR MISSILE... OUR GREAT DARR, TANU, WILL TELL YOU OF THAT!



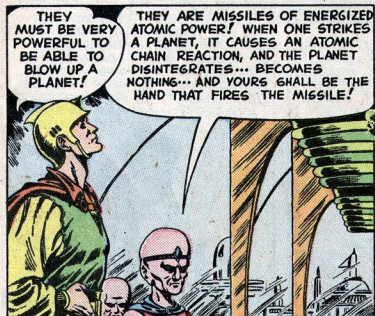
I AM TANU, "MIGHTY ONE"! WELCOME!



COME, "MIGHTY ONE"— I WILL SHOW YOU THE MISSILE! YOUR WONDERFUL COMING PORTENDS THAT OUR GREAT ENTERPRISE WILL BE SUCCESSFUL!

WHAT IS THIS GREAT ENTERPRISE THAT YOU SPEAK OF? AND WHY SHOULD MY BEING HERE MAKE YOU SURE OF SUCCESS?

YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I, FOR THE WRITINGS TELL US THAT THE "MIGHTY ONES" KNOW ALL! BUT, PERHAPS YOU TEST ME, SO I SHALL ANSWER! THE GREAT ENTERPRISE IS THE DESTRUCTION OF A PLANET THAT OUR TIME READERS HAVE TOLD US WILL, IN THE FUTURE, DESTROY US! WE HAVE BEEN AFRAID THAT OUR MISSILE MAY MISS THE TARGET. BUT, WITH YOUR HAND TO GUIDE IT, THERE IS NO CHANCE OF FAILURE!

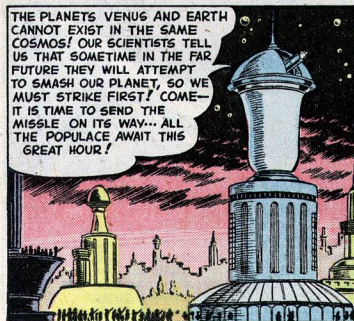
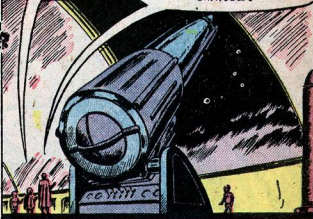


THEY MUST BE VERY POWERFUL TO BE ABLE TO BLOW UP A PLANET!

THEY ARE MISSILES OF ENERGIZED ATOMIC POWER! WHEN ONE STRIKES A PLANET, IT CAUSES AN ATOMIC CHAIN REACTION, AND THE PLANET DISINTEGRATES... BECOMES NOTHING... AND YOURS SHALL BE THE HAND THAT FIRES THE MISSILE!

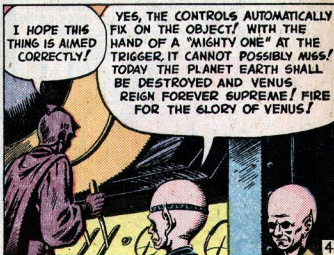
THIS IS THE MISSILE YOU WILL FIRE, AND THAT IS THE PLANET TO BE DESTROYED!

ODD! I CAN'T RECOGNIZE ANY OF THE PLANETS OR STARS! THE SOLAR SYSTEM SEEMS TO HAVE UNDERGONE A GREAT CHANGE!



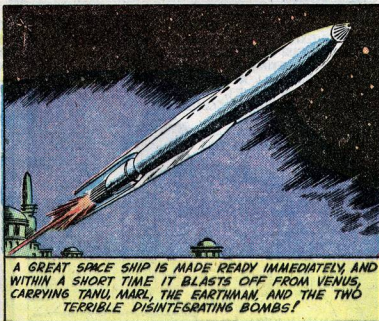
THE PLANETS VENUS AND EARTH CANNOT EXIST IN THE SAME COSMOS! OUR SCIENTISTS TELL US THAT SOMETIME IN THE FAR FUTURE THEY WILL ATTEMPT TO SMASH OUR PLANET, SO WE MUST STRIKE FIRST! COME— IT IS TIME TO SEND THE MISSILE ON ITS WAY... ALL THE POPULACE AWAIT THIS GREAT HOUR!

CROUCHING BEFORE THE MONSTROUS ROCKET CANNON, STANISH'S FINGERS TIGHTEN ON THE TRIGGER OF THE HUGE MACHINE! ANOTHER SECOND AND HE WILL BLAST THE PLANET EARTH FROM THE GALAXY!



I HOPE THIS THING IS AIMED CORRECTLY!

YES, THE CONTROLS AUTOMATICALLY FIX ON THE OBJECT! WITH THE HAND OF A "MIGHTY ONE" AT THE TRIGGER, IT CANNOT POSSIBLY MISS! TODAY THE PLANET EARTH SHALL BE DESTROYED AND VENUS REIGN FOREVER SUPREME! FIRE FOR THE GLORY OF VENUS!



BEYOND THE GRAVITY PULL OF VENUS, THE HUGE SHIP HURTLES WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED TOWARD THE DEAD RED PLANET!



THERE IS MARS AHEAD! IN A FEW MINUTES WE WILL BE WITHIN ITS ORBIT!

WE MUST SLOW THE SHIP AND HOVER BEYOND ITS FIELD OF ATTRACTION, OR THE SHIP MAY BE INJURED IN THE EXPLOSION! I WILL SHOW THE "MIGHTY ONE" HOW TO AIM THE MISSILE!

THE SHIP IS NOW HOVERING ABOVE MARS! WHEN THE PLANET ENTERS THE FIELD OF SIGHT, PULL THE LEVER!

"-I MUST NOT MISS WITH THE FIRST MISSILE... SO THAT THE SECOND REMAINS IN THE SHIP WHEN WE LEAVE!"



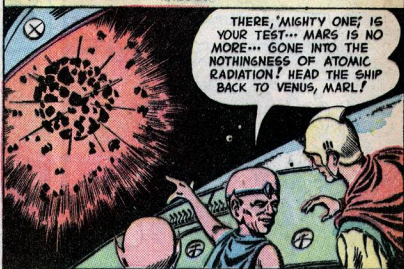
MARS SWIMS LIKE A RED GLOBE INTO THE FIELD OF THE BOMB SIGHT, AND WITH A MUTTERED PRAYER, STANDISH PULLS THE LEVER!



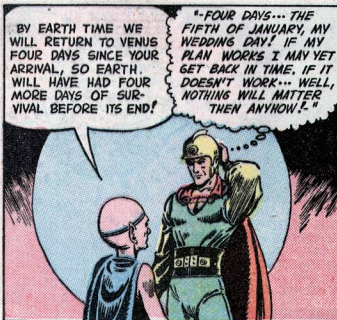
NOW!

WELL DONE!

STANDISH RUSHES TO THE WINDOW AS THE BOMB HITS! A WORLD EXPLODES BEFORE HIS EYES, AND VANISHES IN THE COSMIC DARKNESS!



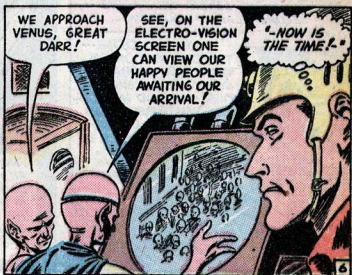
THERE, 'MIGHTY ONE,' IS YOUR TEST... MARS IS NO MORE... GONE INTO THE NOTHINGNESS OF ATOMIC RADIATION! HEAD THE SHIP BACK TO VENUS, MARL!



BY EARTH TIME WE WILL RETURN TO VENUS FOUR DAYS SINCE YOUR ARRIVAL, SO EARTH WILL HAVE HAD FOUR MORE DAYS OF SURVIVAL BEFORE ITS END!

"-FOUR DAYS... THE FIFTH OF JANUARY, MY WEDDING DAY! IF MY PLAN WORKS I MAY YET GET BACK IN TIME, IF IT DOESN'T WORK... WELL, NOTHING WILL MATTER THEN ANYHOW!"

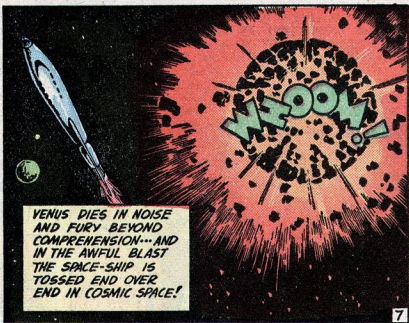
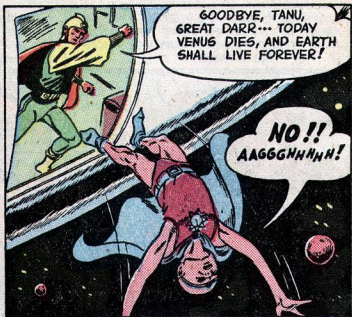
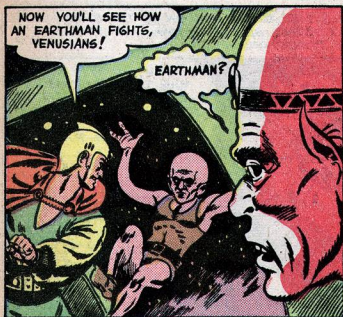
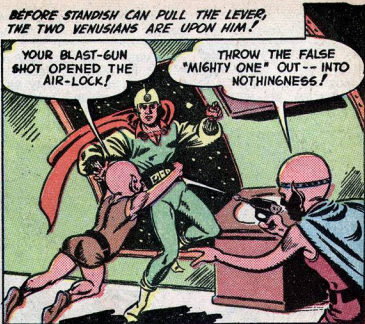
THE SPACE SHIP SPEEDS BACK TOWARD ITS HOME PLANET, AND ON THE SECOND DAY, A HAGGARD EARTHMAN WATCHES THE APPROACH TO VENUS!



WE APPROACH VENUS, GREAT DARR!

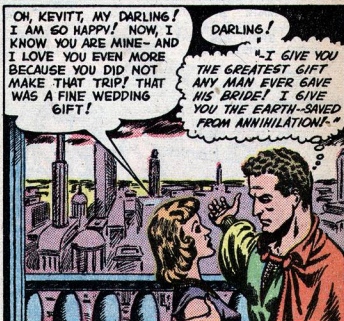
SEE, ON THE ELECTRO-VISION SCREEN ONE CAN VIEW OUR HAPPY PEOPLE AWAITING OUR ARRIVAL!

"-NOW IS THE TIME!"





ONCE AGAIN STANDISH EXPERIENCES THE WHIRLING, SOUL-SHATTERING NEAR-DEATH AS HIS BODY PLUNGES THROUGH THE BARRIERS OF TIME AND SPACE!

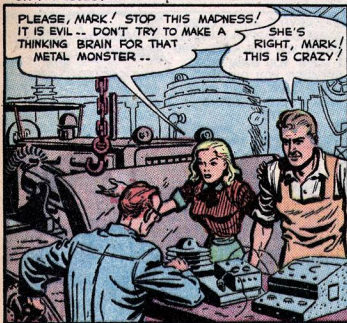


CAN MAN CREATE A MACHINE THAT THINKS? PERHAPS! AND IF WE CAN, WILL HE BE ABLE TO CONTROL IT? OR WILL IT TURN ON ITS CREATOR? THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE MAN WHO TRIED... AND SUCCEEDED ONLY IN CREATING...

The STEEL MONSTER



IT IS NEARLY DAWN, ON AN ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF A GREAT RIVER... BUT MARK DANE, SCIENTIST, ASSISTED BY HIS FIANCE, WENDY TRAVIS, AND HIS CO-WORKER, RALPH RICHARDS, STILL WORKS ON A PROJECT...



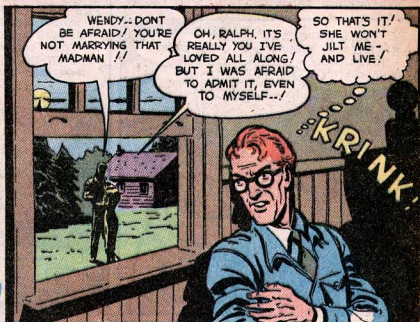
PLEASE, MARK! STOP THIS MADNESS! IT IS EVIL... DON'T TRY TO MAKE A THINKING BRAIN FOR THAT METAL MONSTER...

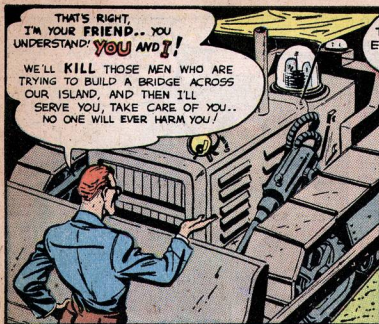
SHE'S RIGHT, MARK! THIS IS CRAZY!

SHUT UP!! THE BOTH OF YOU! GET UP TO THE HOUSE, WENDY! YOU'LL LEARN TO OBEY ME! AND YOU, RICHARDS! YOU'RE JUST MY ASSISTANT! KEEP YOUR PLACE! OR ELSE... GET OUT!

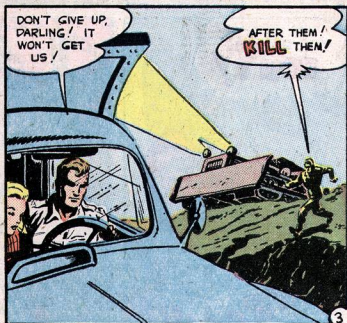
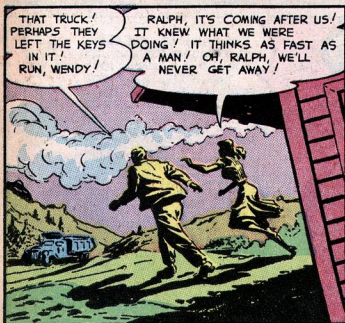
MARK! PLEASE, DARLING... YOU'VE BEEN ACTING SO STRANGE LATELY... I HARDLY KNOW WHAT TO THINK! CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT YOU'RE DOING, MARK? WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE MARRIED NEXT WEEK! HOW CAN YOU TREAT ME LIKE THIS?

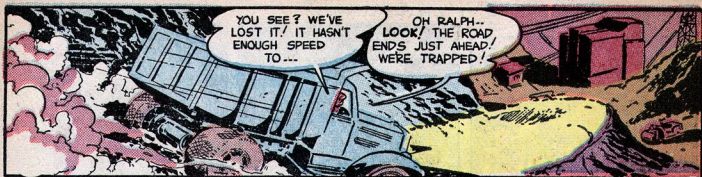






FIVE MINUTES LATER...





YOU SEE? WE'VE
LOST IT! IT HASN'T
ENOUGH SPEED
TO ...

OH RALPH...
LOOK! THE ROAD
ENDS JUST AHEAD!
WE'RE TRAPPED!



MAYBE NOT! IF I CAN GET BACK
TO THAT TURN BEFORE THE THING...
OH-OH! TOO LATE... THERE
IT IS! WE'LL HAVE TO
JUMP, WENDY!
CAN YOU...?

OF
COURSE, I
CAN! LET'S
GO!

RALPH AND WENDY LEAP FOR
THEIR LIVES. AND THEN.... THE
HEAVY TRUCK SMASHES HEAD-
ON INTO THE BULLDOZER!



IT...IT'S INDESTRUCTIBLE!
I THOUGHT THE
TRUCK MIGHT
WRECK IT,
BUT...

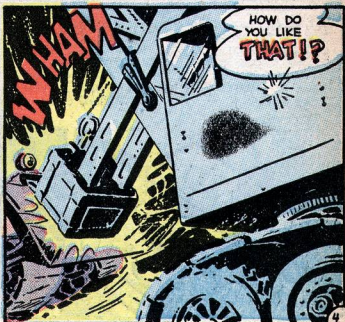
NEVER MIND!
I HAVE
AN IDEA!



THANK GOODNESS THEY LEFT THIS
THING READY TO START! NOW
WE'LL SEE HOW OUR MECHANICAL
FRIEND LIKES A TASTE OF
IT'S OWN
MEDICINE!

HURRY,
RALPH, IT'S
ALMOST
HERE!

AS THE
ANGRY BULLDOZER
CHARGES, RALPH
WORKS THE
CONTROLS AND
MEETS THE CHARGE
WITH A MIGHTY
SWING OF THE
BIG SHOVEL,
AND THE BATTLE
IS ON... A
BATTLE OF
GIGANTIC, HIGH-
POWERED
MACHINES!

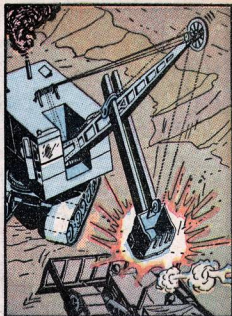
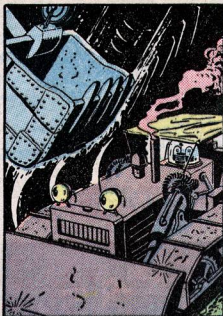
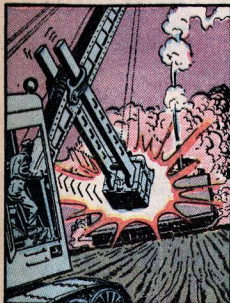


HOW DO
YOU LIKE
THAT!?

WITH UNCANNY INTELLIGENCE, THE
BULLDOZER CHARGES...

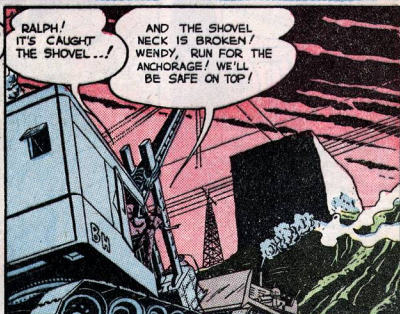
...FEINTS CLEVERLY...

...AND CHARGES AGAIN AND AGAIN!



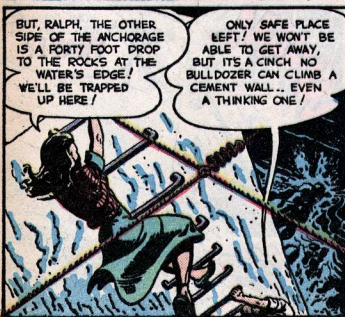
IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
LOOK AT IT SITTING
THERE, PLANNING ...
THINKING!

DON'T FORGET
I'M THINKING, TOO!
HOLD ON.. HERE
IT COMES
AGAIN!



RALPH!
IT'S CAUGHT
THE SHOVEL...

AND THE SHOVEL
NECK IS BROKEN!
WENDY, RUN FOR THE
ANCHORAGE! WE'LL
BE SAFE ON TOP!



BUT, RALPH, THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE ANCHORAGE
IS A FORTY FOOT DROP
TO THE ROCKS AT THE
WATER'S EDGE!
WE'LL BE TRAPPED
UP HERE!

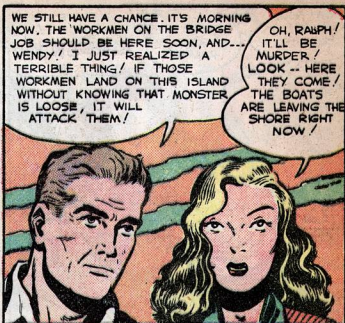
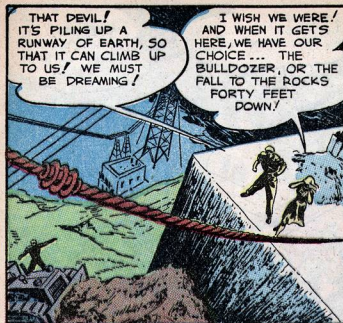
ONLY SAFE PLACE
LEFT! WE WON'T BE
ABLE TO GET AWAY,
BUT IT'S A CINCH NO
BULLDOZER CAN CLIMB A
CEMENT WALL.. EVEN
A THINKING ONE!



FOR A FEW PRECIOUS MOMENTS, THE TWO
REST ATOP THE ANCHORAGE. AND THEN...

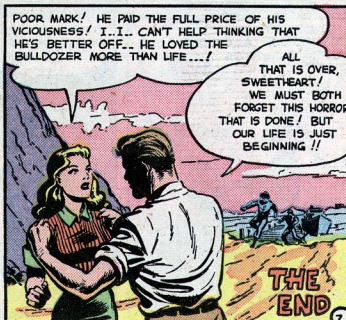
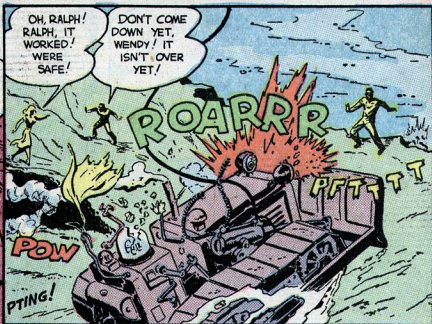
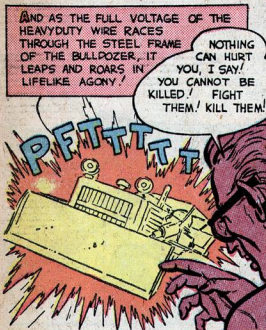
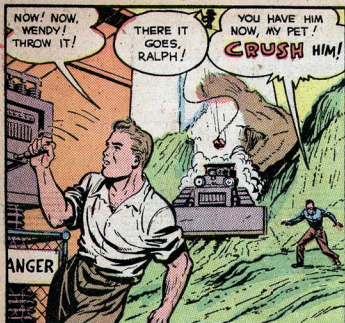
EXCELLENT,
MY FRIEND! WHAT
BRANWORK... WHAT
INTELLIGENCE!

RALPH, MARK
HAS CAUGHT UP
WITH US, AND...
OH RALPH!
LOOK!



A MOMENT LATER ---





**IF YOU
CAN WHISTLE—
or
HUM A TUNE—**

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